DOGIANA.

Whenever I feel a fit of low spirits approaching, my invariable resource is to call my dog, and invite him to a social ramble. There are few companions more agreeable than a dog. Friends may go out with you when they would rather stay at home; their minds are perhaps occupied with their own affairs, and often the merest trifle will withdraw their attention from you at a moment when you most require their sympathy. This is not the case with the dog: his whole attention is given to his master; he tracks his steps, watches his looks, and obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness. Ingratitude cannot estrange him; even neglect fails to chill his constant love.

Whenever I meet any of my literary compatriots with a bilious-looking face, carrying into the field the same thoughts which had filled his mind in the study, I cannot help saying to myself: "What a pity he does not get a dog!" There is more in this than people at first sight may imagine; but when it is considered that the object of the student's walk is generally to rub away the cobwebs which intense study has engendered in the brain, to change the current of the thoughts, to unbend the overstretched mind, and to rest the wearied faculties, for all these purposes there is no companion like the dog; and, for a similar reason to that given by the witty Frenchman for frequenting the society of a lady who had not two ideas in her head—namely, "he went there to rest his mind." In like manner, I would recommend all who are suffering from petty cares and worrying trifles, to try the effect of a good brisk walk with their dog; it will do more to dispel the clouds of ill-humor and vexation that could be effected by the eloquence of a Cicero. The incessant scampering to and fro of the happy creature—happy that it has got its master for a companion and observer of its pranks—its heedless chase after sparrows, pigeons, or any other feathered and winged animal which has alighted on the ground—its wild baying and barking when full drive after the objects of pursuit—and anon its returning with panting tongue, sparkling eyes, and merry wagging tail, to look up in your face and receive its reward in a word of kindness—all, all is exhilarating, and helps wonderfully to enliven the dullness of a solitary stroll.

When my friends smile, as they occasionally do, at my partiality for this faithful friend of man, I defend myself by quoting the great men of antiquity who shared in the same sentiments. Alexander the Great was so grieved at the death of a favorite dog, that, as a relief to his sorrow, he raised a city in his honor. No one need be ashamed of writing in praise of dogs, when even Solon himself has not disdained to commemorate the following instance of affection in a dog called Hircanus, towards his master Lysimachus, king of Macedon. This prince being killed in a battle against Seleucus, king of Syria, his body was discovered in the field of battle by the plaintive cries of his dog, which was found lying beside it. On the obsequies of the king, Hircanus leaped on the funeral pile, and perished in the flames that consumed the body of his beloved master. When such authorities fail, I put my adversaries to silence by presenting them with a few passages from Washington Irving's delightful description of a visit to Abbotsford.

"After my return from Melrose Abbey," says he, "Scott proposed a ramble, to show me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old and well-known staghound, Maida, a noble animal, and a great favorite of Scott's; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a mild, thoughtless youngster, which had not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finella, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendant ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, which came from the kitchen, wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them, as if rational companions; and indeed there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time, with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him into the dust; then, giving a glance at us, as much as to say: "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. 'I make no doubt,' said he, 'when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: "Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

"While we were discussing the humors and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to ramp forward two or three bounds, and join the chorus with a deep-mouthed bow-wow. It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would receive censure or applause. 'Ay, ay, old boy,' cried Scott, you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon Hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida,' continued he, 'is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get it ready, that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first; but when it does go off, it does great mischief.'

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"These simple anecdotes may serve to show the delightful play of Scott's humors and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends. Everything about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance; the face of the humblest dependent brightened at his approach, as if he anticipated a cordial and cheering word. There was no guest at dinner but myself. Around the table were two or three dogs in attendance. Maida, the old staghound, took his seat at Scott's elbow, looking up wistfully in his master's eye; while Finella, the pet spaniel, placed herself near Mrs. Scott, by whom, I soon perceived, she was completely spoiled. The conversation happening to turn on the merits of his dogs, Scott spoke with great feeling and affection of his favorite terrier, Camp, which is depicted by his side in the earlier engravings of him. He talked of him as of a real friend whom he had lost; and Sophia Scott, looking up archly in his face, observed, that 'papa shed a few tears when Camp died.' I may here mention another testimonial of Scott's fondness for his dogs, and his humorous mode of showing it, which I subsequently met with. Rambling with him one morning about the grounds adjacent to the house, I observed a small antique monument, on which was inscribed: 'Here lies the brave Percy.' I paused, supposing it to be the tomb of some stark warrior of the olden time, but Scott drew near. 'Pooh!" cried he, 'it is nothing but one of the monuments of my nonsense, of which you will find enough hereabout.' I learned afterwards that it was the grave of a favorite greyhound."

The following incident, for the authenticity of which I can fully vouch, is one proof amongst many that our best feelings, if not put under the control of sense and reason, may lead us into a thousand absurdities:—A gentleman called one day on a lady, accompanied by his dog, a fine bluff old fellow, with nothing of the courtier about him. After a little conversation, the lady asked her visitor if he would allow his dog to dine with her dogs, which were about to go to dinner. The gentleman, of course, made no objection, and accordingly a footman was summoned to carry the newly-invited guest to be introduced to the lady's dogs. For a time all seemed to be peace and harmony, when suddenly a tremendous uproar was heard in the dogs' dining-hall, and, in the midst of a chorus of bow-wows, the voice of the gentleman's dog rose above the whole, In great alarm, the lady hastily rang the bell. "John, what is the matter there?" "Oh, nothing, my lady; only the stranger dog don't like to have his mouth wiped after dinner!"

Dogs are not epicures by nature, but many have this vice ingrafted on them by injudicious kindness. I knew a spaniel so completely spoiled in this respect, that he would not eat his strawberries unless they were dipped in cream and sugar, and he would turn up his nose at a plate of cold meat with the air of a disappointed epicure. It has often gone to my heart to see the choicest parts of a fine leg of mutton cut off for a dog, while famishing fellow-creatures were perishing with hunger in the streets. The mistress of this dog once received a rebuke, which I hoped would be attended with good effect. On remarking one day to the footman that the baker's bill was very large, and that she thought it impossible that the family could use all the fancy biscuit that was charged, the man answered: "Why, ma'am, perhaps you forget that Carlos eats about a shilling's worth of biscuit every day!"

If anything can excuse an excessive fondness for dogs, it is their devoted attachment to their masters. In the course of my reading, I lately fell in with the following anecdotes, which illustrate in a remarkable manner the point in question:—

An officer, named St. Leger, who was imprisoned, at Vincennes, during the wars of St. Bartholomew, wished to keep with him a greyhound that he had brought up, and which was much attached to him; but they harshly refused him this innocent pleasure, and sent away the greyhound to his house, in the Rue des Lions St. Paul. The next day, the greyhound returned alone to Vincennes, and began to bark, under the windows of the tower, towards the place where the officer was confined. St. Leger approached, looked through the bars, and was delighted again to see his faithful hound, which began to jump and play a thousand gambols to show her joy. Her master threw a piece of bread to the animal, which ate it with great good-will. St. Leger did the same in his prison, and, in spite of the immense wall which separated them, they breakfasted together like two friends. This friendly visit was not the last. Abandoned by his relations, who believed him dead, the unfortunate prisoner received the visits of his greyhound, only, during four years' confinement. Whatever weather it might be, in spite of rain or snow, the faithful animal did not fail a single day to pay her accustomed visit. Six months after his release from prison, St. Leger died. The faithful greyhound would no longer remain in the house, but, on the day after the funeral, returned to the Castle of Vincennes, and it is supposed she was actuated by a motive of gratitude. A jailer of the outer court had always shown great kindness to this dog, which was as handsome as affectionate. Contrary to the custom of people of that class, this man had been touched by her attachment and beauty, so that he facilitated her approach to see her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. Penetrated with gratitude for this service, the greyhound remained the rest of her life near the benevolent jailer. It was remarked that even while testifying her zeal and gratitude for her second master, one could easily see that her heart was with the first. Like those who, having lost a parent, a brother, or a friend, come from afar to seek consolation by viewing the place which they inhabited, this affectionate animal repaired frequently to the tower where St. Leger had been imprisoned, and would contemplate, for hours together, the gloomy window from which her dear master had so often smiled to her, and where they had so frequently breakfasted together.

In January, 1799, the cold was so intense, that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths, who were determined to continue the amusement of skating, in

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spite of a thaw having commenced, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay of the Hotel des Monnaies of Paris; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps, when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had carried a small spaniel with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm, by barking with all his might, near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth, but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor spaniel sent forth the most frightful howls: he ran along the river as if he were mad; and, at last, not seeing his master return, he went to establish himself at the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day, and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal, sorrowfully, at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food; but, absorbed in the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier, who was attempting to make him leave his inhospitable retreat, who, fearing that he was mad, fired at, and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to contemplate this beautiful trait of attachment, which was not without its reward. The dog, being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, compassionating his suffering, and touched by the affection he showed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practised, to console him for the loss of the young skater.

A young student, of Montpelier, called Renaudin, being run over by a horse, which a little vagabond rode full gallop to the watering-place, his skull was fractured, and he died on the spot. A wolf-dog which he had reared, and which he had retained near him from infancy, threw himself on the body of his master, and began to howl in a dreadful manner. But who can describe the despair of the affectionate animal when he saw the body of the unfortunate youth enclosed in the coffin? Nothing, however, could separate them, and he followed him even to the tomb. Stretching himself on the grave, he refused all nourishment for five days; at last, at the end of that time, some of the comrades of the youth succeeded in making him eat a little bread dipped in milk; but he never would abandon his post; and there, in sunshine or storm, heat or cold, he remained. Loving him for his affection for their companion, the young students made a small house for him near his master's grave, and contributed morsels for his support. The affectionate animal remained there for no less than five years, and during all this period he never moved twenty steps from the spot. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that, from the moment the faithful animal confined himself to the cemetery, he would never allow any one of his own species to come near him: he would neither run about nor play with those which came from time to time to visit him in his solitude; and when they barked on purpose to provoke him, he hid himself in his house, and remained there plunged in grief. When this animal died, he was buried near the friend he had lamented with so much constancy. He is still quoted, in the province, as a model of friendship; his attachment has even passed into a proverb; and when the natives speak of those who are only friends of the purse, they say: "Oh, as for him, he is not worth the dog of Renaudin."

A little spaniel survived a whole family who were fondly attached to him. The father, the mother, two grandchildren, and three sons, were successively attacked by the plague, which raged at Marseilles, and they all died in the space of seven or eight days. As, one by one, these unfortunates were carried to the grave, the disconsolate animal followed their coffins, and returned to the house, sending forth the most lamentable howls. When the last of this family was entombed, the inconsolable spaniel would not remain in the house, which was now inhabited by strangers, who, charmed with his good disposition, lavished every kindness on him: he only came every two or three days to take a little food, immediately after which he returned to the cemetery, and, on this account, the affectionate animal received the name of the Dog of the Tombs. It is the custom in that country for every one to have a separate grave. During the seven years that this grateful animal lived, he remained constantly stretched on the tomb of his masters; and, as he had been caressed by all, he divided amongst them by turns his profound and sincere regrets. It was remarked, however, that he had a particular predilection for the grave of the youngest son, who was cut off at the age of seven years, and who had lavished on him a thousand infantile caresses. This faithful animal mourned over the grave, and tried to tear up the earth with his feet, as if seeking to rejoin his young friend. Touched with this instance of gratitude and affection, the neighboring villagers often conducted their children to the place of sepulture of this virtuous family, to show them a beautiful example of constancy and gratitude, as exhibited by the Dog of the Tombs.—*Chambers' Pocket Miscellany.*